

Thursday March 14.

To Dear Mr.

Papa remarked a little bit ago on writing the above date that Hays had just a year more. He is now beginning to get up an excitement over the presidential candidate that is to be, and I suppose it will grow hotter and hotter to the end. Were you interested in the young theologian's letter that I sent you? It was most too bad of his mother to send out his letters written to his brother with no idea that any one else would see them. You may send or take Hannah's letter down to about Jennie but I guess I would not Edmund's.

4) weather is improving  
Papa seems over his.  
He makes less of a cold  
than anybody I know  
of.

I did not begin to  
write because I had any  
thing to say, and Joe  
is in a hurry to be off  
see Grandpa.

Yours aff. etc. Mather

Tell me how Rhonda's  
affairs are getting on.

I send you Aunt Genie's letter. You may have seen her and so there be no news in it, but I send it for the chance.

I am busier as ever but my work is of a different kind. I am at work at my rag carpet. I thought I better get that out of the way before cleaning house as then the closets would be relieved, and besides, though sewing carpet, rags is one of the most tedious, and stupefying, of employments, it is sedentary and gives me the rest that I wanted to take. Imagine me these days stripping up garments into narrow bits and sewing those bits

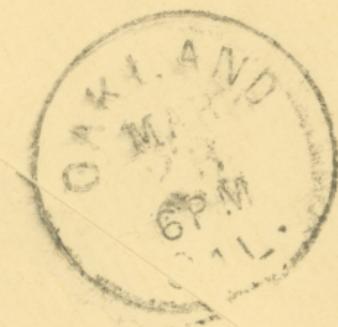
together by the hour as, <sup>8</sup>  
I sit here "all by my lone self."

Joe is making extensive improvements out in the garden, whenever he has time and is gradually bringing order out of disorder.

He is devoting his evenings to Earl's Philology and I see him taking notes.

I'm kinder sorry for the boy. I think it's stupid for him here with just us old folks. It's lucky he's fond of pets. It seems to be a great comfort to him to have Tom or Ebeneeze in his lap as he sits and reads; and it is certainly a comfort to them. Did I tell <sup>you</sup> I sent tooth powder as requested, and did you write.

My cold is gradually disappearing, and the



Niles cal  
March. 23/80

Miss M. W. Shinn  
Berkeley  
Cal<sup>a</sup>